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CONTENTS.

Agricultural—Notes from Shiawassee County	1
Foot Rot in Sheep—Give and Take—The Hathaway Yellow Dent Endowed Farm—A Scare Remedy for a Defective Catch of Clover.....	1
The Horse—Fixing for Market—Contagious Diseases in Staples—Horse Gossip.....	2
The Farm—Location of Farm Buildings and Crops—What to Plant—How I Raise My Sheep—Winter Dairying—Agricultural Items 2	2
The Poultry Yard—How Our Fowls are Fed—Remedy for Roup.....	2
Horticultural—Business of the Blackberry Society—Vine—Horticultural Society—Points in Pruning—The Verbena—Horticultural Notes.....	3
Aptarian—Extracted Honey—Developing a Honey Bee—Wool—Corn and Oats—Dairy Products—Wool—Lapeer County Sheep-Breeders and Wool-Growers Club—Livingston County Farmers Institute—Farmer's Institute—Stock News Summary—Michigan General—Foreign 4	3
Poetry—The Hymn—Steal—A Sonnet.....	6
Discussions—Use of Simon's Advice—Where to Find a Wife—Children—Cannabis—Bismarck at Home—Children's Teeth—How a Japanese Host Makes Tea—Ben Le Fevre's Bath—The Egg that Never Hatches—About Marriage—Bearded Chestnuts—Selling His Farm—Two Travers Stories—Varieties—Cannabis—	6
Tea—Diagnostic Conclusion in a Colt-Ticks in Sheep—Lambs—Symptoms Obscure—Cribbing in a Colt—Anonymous Communications.....	7
Commercial.....	8

Agricultural.

NOTES FROM SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

TY.

While in attendance at the Vernon Sheep Breeders' meeting recently, we had an opportunity of looking over some of the stock in the vicinity of Vernon, Corunna and Owosso, in company with some of the enterprising farmers of those neighborhoods, such as J. W. Hibbard, H. M. Olney, F. G. Bailey, J. E. Gilmour and C. Hibbard. The weather was cold enough to make a rousing fire very enticing, and when it was encountered during the trip it was difficult to leave it. At H. M. Olney's we found a good flock of high grade Merinos and the foundation of a flock of thoroughbreds. He has 10 ewes of Atwood blood, three of them of Ellsworth breeding. He is using Geo. W. Stuart's Queen Ram. His son is the sheep man of the family, Mr. Olney having a liking for fine horse. He is also feeding some steers, which he does every year.

At F. G. Bailey's we found a large flock of sheep, having purchased the Keeney flock all of Atwood blood, and added them to what formerly had. In breeding they are all that could be wished, but were in poor shape when Mr. Bailey first purchased them. He is putting them into good shape and will have a valuable flock. His others come from the flock of George W. Stuart.

Directly across from Mr. Bailey's is the farm of Mr. Lewis, who is breeding Berkshires, his stock coming from Mr. A. Barber, of Philadelphia. He had a fine brood sow and some good young pigs from her. From here a visit was made to the farms of Mr. B. Ellis, Mr. Fred Johnson, and Mr. Perry Brown. All these gentlemen were away, but we had a look at their flocks all the same, and they had them in good shape—the low price of wool not preventing them from giving attention to their flocks. Some of the young stock we saw on those farms will be heard of at hearing time if they are taken out. The Merino is getting a strong grip in this section, and there will be some flocks here that will not discredit Michigan breeders.

The next farm visited was that of the Cook Bros., where we should have been pleased to have met the Professor. Here we found a herd of Shorthorns of more than ordinary merit. The grand old bull Waterloo Duke 34072, purchased at the sale of W. & A. McPherson, of Howell, is looking in splendid shape, as was also the sow Waterloo 39th. Waterloo Duke seems good for some years service, and we expect to see some good stock from him yet. There are some excellent cows in this herd, and the young things are coming forward in good shape. A young calf, only a few weeks old, deep red in color, was unanimously voted the best calf met with. It looked as if J. W. Hibbard would "freeze" it before we could get him away.

Then the party drove to the Hibbard homestead in Bennington, and put up for the night. It proved to be a very judicious selection. In the morning the stock on this farm was looked over. There is a large flock of thoroughbred Merinos kept, which were first looked over. The old stock ram Major 618, sired by Centennial 104, has proved a fine stock ram, and he is still in good shape. The young ram purchased last season from A. A. Wood of Saline, is a stylish sheep, and should make a good cross on the stock of Major. The flock is largely of F. & L. E. Moore and E. N. Bissell stock. The breeding flock is doing well, and shows good management. There are some really fine earling and ewe lambs in it. One of the pioneer herds of Shorthorns in this country was started on this farm, and has been gradually increased in numbers as time went on. The breeding cows of the herd have been referred to by our correspondent "C," who gave notes of their breeding at the time. We can substantiate all he said in regard to their in-

dividual merits. Mr. C. Hibbard, who started the herd, began first by grading up his stock with good bulls, and actual experience with this graded stock, both as feeders and dairy cattle, has made him a firm friend of the red, white and roan. He thinks too much attention is paid to pedigree of late years at the expense of individual merit, and he has a sharp eye for a weakness or a fault in an animal. The stock bull, Wiley Oxford 3d 34111, so long at the head of this herd, has been fatted off, and made one of the handsomest carcasses of beef ever seen in Owosso, weighing before slaughtering over 2,600 lbs. He has been succeeded by a bull bred by H. H. Hinds of Stanton, sired by Clarence 43098, a son of the noted 4th Duke of Clarence, and out of a Lady Knightley cow. He is a rich roan in color, and a large animal for his age. He is straight top and bottom, good head, good brisket, a little faulty behind the shoulder, but that will fill up with a little more age, as he is yet very young and growing fast. His flank and loin are all right, and his hindquarters well filled out. He has plenty of style, and when fully developed will be a very fine animal. He is an excellent handler, and we think J. W. Hibbard, who selected him, will have no cause to regret his choice. The Hibbard farm has also a fine herd of Borkshires on it, and at State, County, and District Fairs have shown themselves worthy to compete with the best in the State. They have enjoyed an excellent trade, and the trouble has been to breed stock fast enough to supply their customers. There is a grand flock of grade sheep here, the ewes great big ones, square built, carrying a beautiful staple of long white wool. Mr. C. Hibbard said they were a flock he had selected some years ago and their increase. He had used thoroughbred rams of course, and is breeding some exceedingly fine sheep. When the history of this flock was hunted out it was traced direct to the old flock of the Wood Brothers, of Saline, and undoubtedly pure bred. The Messrs. Hibbard have a young man in charge of their stock who is going to make a breeder, or we mistake the signs. He is thoroughly interested in stock, careful and attentive. He is in a good place to learn, and the training he gets on this farm will be valuable to him as long as he lives. He is adopting a course that would be of great benefit to many of the young men on the farms of this State.

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FOOT ROT IN SHEEP.

ONDONOGA, Feb. 8, 1886.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I noticed in your issue of Feb. 2d that B., of Dexter, was having trouble with foot rot in his sheep, and from past experience know that unless the disease is different from what it used to be can cure it with blue vitriol, for I have done it and can give reference to other men that have also. I should judge from B.'s method of applying he had not been thorough enough. My method of treatment is first to make a rack to hold your sheep something similar to the old fashioned saw horse used for sawing wood, only large enough so that after putting some boards in it will be large enough lay a sheep in its back. Then nail a strap on one side near the middle so it will pass over the sheep's body just back of front legs, then with a hook or some other device on the other side to hold the other end of strap you have something that will hold a sheep much easier and better than a man can possibly do it. Then steep or thoroughly dissolve blue vitriol in soft water, put in a bottle, have a quill in the cork like a pepper-sauce bottle. Pare off all loose hoof and clean out (as far as possible) all decayed matter from all sore feet, and apply the vitriol to every foot in the flock, sore or not. Keep your pens dry and well littered. By going over your flocks twice a week a will do until it is entirely cured. Have them cured in the spring before being turned out to pasture, and I will guarantee they will stay so, at least such is my experience. SUBSCRIBER.

provided for the wants of the crop, in the sense of putting hay in the mangers as fast as it is eaten up, but we can readily call to aid a force that can supply nutrition from a constant source, if we present the proper conditions under which this supply can be granted. The hay mow must be filled each year and yearly fed out again, but the well cared for soil is more like a perennial stream that accumulates, and furnishes a constant supply, and need not diminish its store. The effort of every farmer should be to elevate the condition of his soil to the acceptance of nature's assistance, which is very much better than specific manures which are spread on the theory of give and take, with no effort at a permanent improvement of the soil. A. C. G.

GIVE AND TAKE.

Not long since I saw in a leading agricultural paper this expression: "Of course a good crop takes more from the soil than a poor one." I think here is a misapprehension of the relation which the soil sustains to the growing crop, and the statement is only a half truth which often stands for the true explanation of things. I don't believe that a soil is like a cistern, into which every drop that is collected is only serviceable to be drawn out for use again, and that we draw out only what has dripped or been poured in. On the contrary, it is more as though we had built a cistern in which we place the essential requisites that shall produce water profusely only under the conditions of perfect preparation of materials. Not that when a barrel of water is drawn out another barrel must be put in, but the combination must be so perfect that two barrels of water will be generated with slight additions to the combination with in, where only the one barrel was the average yield under slight neglect. Good soil is a condition rather than a capacity, and we build it up to a point where it is susceptible to all the influences which tend to a maximum yield. We do not raise it up to the capacity of growing a large crop, which exhausts it and causes it to drop back again to the point from which we began to build. This is nearer the truth with thin soil. The owner too eager to begin the work of application, and it is akin to the efforts of that valorous king who "marched up the hill, and then marched down again" it is only fair to presume that a maximum crop is only the normal effort of the plant to reproduce itself when the conditions are perfect for its development. It needs less effort to sustain a soil that has reached the condition of 40 bushels of wheat to the acre, than the one which is strained up to 20. If the assertion at the heading of this article is true, then the 40 bushel capacity soil must be reduced by the growth of such a crop to an equilibrium with the 20 bushel capacity before that crop is taken off, which would not be true. The 40 bushel condition presupposes that all the wants of the plant are met—that nature's fertilizers, which are eager to mingle with the soil, have been brought into communion with each other by a proper manipulation and mixture of mold and earth, and a union of their forces has resulted in a maximum crop. A soil devoid of vegetable matter withdrawn by too frequent cropping can never be brought to a condition of fermentation, and without this the best results can never be obtained. A soil in which is called good condition, is continually adding to those elements which are necessary for the production of good crops of grain, and it is only necessary to sustain this condition in order that the soil may engender and renew its forces for another effort. The plowing should be a fair depth, say six or seven inches. If not very soddy and rough, (which it should not be if properly plowed,) I would harrow but once before marking, as it is better to do the harrowing after planting. Mark with a marker making four marks at one crossing four feet apart. Cross mark, and plant with the first marking, or across the last marking for the purpose of having it accurate. Plant but three grains to the inch of pressed earth. See that the planting is properly done, for it is a very important part of the work. As soon as planted or before it has had time to come up put a properly

constructed harrow at work, before the pigeon grass and other weeds make their appearance. As soon as the corn comes through so as to see the rows cross drag it; and again the next week; not allowing any weeds or grass to show itself. By this time if the weather has been warm, the corn will be large enough to use the cultivator, and unless rains have interfered with the operations will be clean, and with proper cultivation will need no hoeing. The crop should be cultivated once each week until the tassels appear, when cultivation should be discontinued altogether.

I should be pleased to see more of the opinions of farmers expressed in the FARMER on this important topic between now and planting time, if the Editor can spare the room. M. J. GARD.

For the Michigan Farmer.

FARM TALK.

This is the time of year some of us are engaged in fattening sheep; it may be instructive to others to hear our experience. We have tried many different ways of arranging sheep in pens to feed, but the most satisfactory way to us, is to build the pens ten by fourteen feet, putting from twenty to twenty-five sheep in each pen, all under cover, and not taking them out until they are shipped to market, arranging the pens so as to have grain and water in each pen; by so doing we can keep quiet, and have nothing to hinder them from growing fat, providing they are properly fed.

We find that the most profitable sheep to feed are Merinos, of which we fattened about 500 wethers this winter that were raised near Flint, Mich., and succeeded in getting them to eat four bushels of corn to the hundred a day, getting an average gain of over twenty pounds in three months, on sheep that only averaged eighty pounds when we commenced to feed.

We have discovered a new way to husband and shell corn, at least it is new to us. As hired help was scarce here last fall, and we could not get a husking machine, the thought came to us of threshing it the same as we do wheat, consequently our separator was started, and the result was very satisfactory, as it husked the corn clean and shelled it very nicely, and left the stalks in better shape for the cattle to eat than our fodder cutter. We can recommend it as a very good, cheap and quick way to harvest corn, but it will not do to thresh too much at a time, especially if the corn is damp.

There has been a good deal said by different writers, about taking care of manure, the right time to put it on the land, etc. Experience tells us one of the cheapest and best ways to handle manure is to reap the most satisfactory results, is to use this mode of planting: The land is plowed, the manure is spread on the land in the spring, or on the previous year a crop of peas had been raised, the peas with other feed fed to a flock of 60 fattening wethers, the wethers having this land for a run, and the manure drawn out on the land in the spring, the yield was over 225 bushels of ears to the acre. Last year I planted the same way, the same varieties of corn, with similar results. That is, the difference was about the same, the yield of dent corn fully equal to the other modes of planting, with more stalks, but less corn stubble than the small variety. I observed last year, as the year before, the small corn three feet four inches one way, standing six inches in the row, when the land was rich, eared just as well as when the stalks stood further apart; ears equally large, and matured its grain equally well. From these two experiments I believe on a good piece of land, well manured and well fitted, thoroughly cultivated, all weeds kept out through its entire growth, farmers of Michigan can raise over 100 bushels of shelled corn to the acre. I do not consider the work of cultivation materially increased by this mode of planting, as the straight rows admit of closer cultivation and the drag before the corn is up and while yet small enough to admit its ears, leaves the rows pretty well cleaned, and a few boys will

pull out all that are left. It is more work to cut, more to husk, for there is more stalks and corn. From my experience I don't think dent corn will ear well planted close; but with the eight-rowed, provided the land is rich enough and kept clean and well worked through the season, it will ear just as well close together as farther apart. A man and team will plant 15 or 20 acres per day, and that is quite an item at this time of the season, when a rainy spell or dry weather often makes a day of great importance.

WOLVERINE.

CORUNNA, Mich., Feb. 13, 1886.

TOO RICH A SOIL.

DETROIT, Feb. 13, 1886.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In the last issue of the FARMER I notice that Subscribers want you to tell them how he shall manage to get clover seed to grow on his farm, I suppose for the purpose of fertilizing it sufficiently to next year produce a crop of ten bushels of wheat per acre. In reply you go on to explain the way you treat twenty acres, etc. This all seems to me like a doctor trying to mend up a consumptive patient. Now I am another subscriber to the FARMER; I don't claim to be much of a farmer, and live in the city, and all the wheat farming I do is by proxy, and I have a case just of the opposite nature, and maybe Subscribers can point a remedy.

One year ago last November my farm manager seeded a ten acre lot to timothy. It was so late as not to show life until spring, and from some cause came up very unevenly, probably from the bungling way it was sown (broadcast). It was not ready to cut until late in the season, but the growth was enormous. Where it came up thick a heavy rain knocked it down in such masses as to rot on the ground, and where it was thin and stood up it was full five feet high and the stalks so stiff and rank that it absolutely ruined a mower in cutting it. In an adjoining field was sown oats, and the whole field was like a forest, full six feet high. A heavy wind and rain just as it was coming into the milk knocked it down so that it never rose, and was a failure. An acre or two of wheat sown on similar ground, more for experiment than thinking to get good returns, like the oats fell down and had to be mowed. When threshed it turned out a mountain of straw to a bushel of grain. Potatoes well, they were "small and few in the hill," but the vines were a little less than a rod in length. Corn, ah! there is where we hit it right, twelve feet high and a ladder in harvesting to reach the top ears. But a farmer must have hay, oats, wheat, and potatoes, etc. Now, maybe you or Subscribers can advise how the thing is to be accomplished?

As bad as my case is I do not feel inclined to exchange farms with either of you. I had rather have a team that requires holding back than one that requires pushing up from behind.

My land cost less than ten dollars per acre, and there is plenty more all around it for about the same price. You say, too, that all Michigan soils must have time to settle down. That encourages me to think that mine will settle down and quit its present bad habits and become respectable, and if any of the readers of the FARMER should be simple enough to want this style of land let them apply to this SUBSCRIBER.

N. B.—Perhaps I ought to explain that my land, when I commenced working it, was a swamp or marsh, portions of which a horse could not walk over. A judicious system of ditching has produced the foregoing results, and that brings me to another point. In cutting these ditches, at a depth of about two feet, a bed of marl was struck of such stiff and sticky nature the men threatened to jump the contract, and advised me to start a brick yard, supposing it to be ordinary clay. I did not know to the contrary until observing that the frosts of winter changed it into a substance more like leached ashes than clay. I am now puzzled to know whether I have a farm or a marl bed; perhaps you can enlighten me on that subject, and whether that has not something to do with this extravagant growth of crops.

Now there are thousands of acres of similarly situated land in this same country, at a low figure and when brought under proper culture at an expense of not to exceed five dollars per acre; and when so treated are

The Horse.

FIXING FOR A MARKET.

How Some Canadian Breeders Propose Making a Market for their Mongrels.

A number of Canadian horsemen, according to the *Signal* of Goderich, Ont., met in town on the 19th inst., with the avowed intention of starting a stud book "for the registration of Canadian horses not now admitted to the regular books, and also one for Cleveland Bays." The breed first referred to was undoubtedly the Clydesdale, although it is not so stated.

Mr. McMillan opened the discussion, and in the language of the ungodly, "gave the snap away" in flat-footed style. He said that under present arrangements a large portion of our best Canadian horses could not be registered in existing books, and in consequence they did not sell at their best figures, particularly in American markets. A similar state of affairs in Scotland had led to the establishment of a new and special stud book, and now he knew of dealers there who were shipping horses in droves of 30 and 40 to the Western States to the exclusion of equally good horses from Canada which were unregistered. He strongly urged the formation of the proposed books, as certain to secure benefits not only to Canadian dealers, but to our home farmers and breeders, who would find a greater demand and better price. The other parties present endorsed these views, and it was finally resolved to appoint a board of provisional directors, who would draw up rules and regulations for the government of the new books, and submit them at a general meeting of horsemen and others to be held subsequently. The parties selected to draft rules and regulations, were requested to furnish a list of all Canadian horses known to them suitable for registration, and it was decided that *the progeny of any mare with two crosses should be eligible for registration.*

This scheme to work off a lot of mongrel horses upon American breeders is just the same as the one entered into by the Shorthorn breeders of that Province some years ago. It resulted in throwing suspicion upon every Canadian breed animal not registered in the American Herd Book. Purchasers are not likely to be fooled for any length of time, and this mongrel stud book will soon follow its predecessor, the mongrel Canadian Shorthorn Herd Book.

Contagious Diseases in Stables.

When we consider for a moment the number of diseases of a contagious nature to which horses are subject, and the careless manner in which they are exposed to the same, it is astonishing that we do not have epidemics of this kind often with our horses. To fully appreciate the risk that is incurred, we need only visit the city or country towns on court days or Saturdays, and see the number of horses of all kinds and conditions that stand tied and almost touching each other in every available space about town, to say nothing of the number that are packed together in the public stables. The latter, as a rule, are much safer from coming in contact with disease than those outside, for no sensible stable-man would admit an animal inside his stables that is affected with any kind of contagious disease if he knew it; but it often happens that neither the owner of the horse nor the stableman is aware of the disease until it is too late to remove the evil.

Contagious diseases of a most virulent character may be perpetuated for an indefinite length of time by feeding horses in stalls where the disease has existed. Of this kind we may mention glanders and Spanish itch especially. Either of these most fatal disorders may be conveyed to other horses by feeding in a stall where horses suffering with them have been kept. To destroy the virus take a pint of sulphuric acid and put it in a bucket of water, and with an old mop wash all parts of the stall, especially the trough and manger, as well as the sides of the stall. Then put a few pounds of stick sulphur in an old iron pot, and, stopping the stable as well as possible, burn it, so as to fumigate the stable thoroughly, taking due precautions against fire. It is a good plan to set the pot in a tub of water, then whitewash with lime and carbolic acid. This will protect them thoroughly.

Horse Gossip.

W. C. FRANCE is reported to have sold to S. A. Browne & Co., Kalamazoo, this State, four trotting brood mares by the following sires: One each by Sweepstakes and Mambrino Patchen, and two by George Wilkes. The price paid for the four is said to be \$5,000.

M. Y. C. CROMWELL, of Lexington, Ky., has sold to Messrs. S. A. Browne & Co., of Kalamazoo, Mich., the bay filly Susey C. by Wm. L. dam Dotte Payne, (sister to Hamlin's Almont Jr. 2:27) and the gray mare Heress, by Bayard, in foal to Red Wilkes.

M. T. J. MORRISON, of Cynthiana, Ky., proposes to sell his stable of thoroughbreds at Madison Square Garden, some time this month. The stable consists of 18 horses. Ten of the are two and three year olds, by Longfellow, King Bar, Springfield, and Warwick.

LAST week Woodward & Harbeson, of Lexington, Ky., sold \$65,000 worth of trotting horses at auction. Among those sold were Tucker 3:19% for \$3,150; Blue Cloud 2:27 for \$900; black gelding Olaf, by Waveland Chief, for \$3,500; brown filly Jenifer, by Red Wilkes, for \$3,000.

A SUBSCRIBER at Bedford, Mich., writes: "I would like to ask through the FARMER how many crosses a Clydesdale colt has to be eligible to registry? And where is the proper place to apply for such registry?" Write to Charles F. Mills, Secretary of the Clydesdale Association, Springfield, Illinois, who will give full information.

WHILE at Washington, Macomb County, last week, we had a look over the draft stock owned by C. E. Lockwood, of that place. The Oylex stallion Contest, so frequently a winner at State and county fairs, is wintering in good shape, in a box stall opening on a large yard, getting no grain, but in excellent condition,

and as frisky as a colt. A number of his colts were looked over, and invariably they present the same general characteristics from all classes of mares. Mr. Lockwood also owns an English draft horse, coming two years old, imported from Canada. He is a black, with one blind foot white, a large, growthy colt, high headed, a fine set of limbs under him, well put up, and when mature will weigh at least a ton. He was sired by Young Sampson, dam by England's Glory. Young Sampson is a noted sire, his stock being held in high esteem among Canadian breeders.

At Paris, Ky., on the 9th inst., R. J. Stoner disposed of a majority of his trotting stock. Forty nine head were sold and brought \$135,280. Among those sold were Strathmore, the sire of Santa Claus 2:17½ and 16 other performers in the 2:30 list: Mambrino Russell, son of Mambrino, and out of the dam of Sam 8, was put up, Bowerman Bros., of Paris, making the single bid of \$5,000, which Mr. Stoner gave them \$1,000 to withdraw. Allie Russell, a three year old colt by Strathmore, out of the dam of Albert France 2:20%, sold for \$1,085, to F. O. Riley, of Junction City, Kansas-Stuart, with a record of 2:29%, sold for \$1,350; Dakina, record 2:35; sold for \$1,500; Spartan, son of Strathmore, out of an Almont mare, for \$1,400, and Walton, record 2:30, a full brother to Albert France, for \$3,650.

MESSRS. HIRAM WALKER & SONS, of Walkerville, Ont., have sold the Percheron stallions Hugo and Marquis; also the imported mare Colette and colt by Romulus. Also the grade stallion Essex Lad by Romulus, and several grade mares by the same horse. Marquis, Colette and her colt go to Dakota, the others to Manitoba.

To thoroughly cure scrofula, it is necessary to strike directly at the root of the evil. This is exactly what Hood's Saraparilla does, by acting upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and leaving not even a trace of scrofula in the vital fluid.

The Farm.

For the Michigan Farmer. LOCATION OF FARM BUILDINGS AND ORCHARDS.

Having abundance of excellent material within its borders, the State of Michigan is fast coming to the front in the matter of necessary farm buildings. Money thus expended is well invested, as every progressive farmer realizes. As this is the season of the year, usually employed by farmers for the collection of material, maturing plans and other preparatory work, whatever is said or written on the subject will be of special interest. Regarding the numerous inquiries made relative to plans of construction, it has brought to my mind another subject closely connected therewith. How seldom do we see conveniently arranged farm buildings, having in view the economical handling of farm products. Disorder seems to be the rule, not the exception, and by their ill arrangement, causes us to retrace our steps many times in doing the work about them. So apparent is this disorder we are forced to the conclusion that they were deposited on our farms by a whirlwind. The causes for this state of things no doubt exist primarily in the fact that we build without any plan in view, and latterly long periods of time elapsed from the erection of one building to another, the ground became occupied by orchard, garden, well, etc., obliging us to select some out of the way place to erect our new barn. The writer of this has worked at the carpenter's trade in former years, and knows that it is as difficult to determine where to erect as how to construct, and only a few days ago, a neighbor called on him for aid in selecting a site for a residence.

The plan adopted by some farmers of building upon the line of the highway is in bad taste, as the road is used somewhat for barnyard, and in some instances amounts to a nuisance and obstruction. Having thus expressed disapproval of the prevailing style, or want of style, the reader no doubt will look for some plan or suggestion that may be an improvement. The best location for a farm is on the north side of highway; as all work seems to come right-handed as it were, also receiving the direct rays of the sun upon the fronts of buildings. Where the land is hilly and broken, we must make the best of the situation, but as most farms are level, or nearly so, some general plan can be adopted. Do not build west or southwest of the residence, for sanitary reasons, as the prevailing winds come from these directions. Build centrally along highway as possible, and when there is no room to the rear, make ample space for ornamental purposes. Erect all out-buildings in rear of residence, and in a line, on one or both sides of a lane, being of sufficient width for the easy turning of teams; those in constant use first in line, the larger hay and grain barns at farther end of row, as their more central location will shorten the haul at the gathering of crops.

Another convenient plan is to build along the sides of a square, said square forming general purpose barnyard. Care should be taken not to obstruct direct view from residence into it. The ancient custom of planting the orchard along the highway should be abandoned in the future, as it greatly detracts from a pleasing front view of the road, which is often desirable. The early pioneer in his haste to raise fruit generally used the first improvement made for this purpose, planting along the roadside, very close to his dwelling, and in some instances surrounding it. This he regretted afterwards, for when about to erect permanent buildings he not infrequently found the orchard encumbering the coveted ground.

Would not it be a better plan to postpone planting orchards until more improvements are made, then plant in the rear of buildings, which in time will form a beautiful background to them?

L. W.

A SHARP knife in a mowing machine saves team labor, crops and temper. The Dutton Grader advertised in this issue will do the business. It has been tested, and will pay for itself in a season's use.

Stacking Wheat.

At the Eaton Rapids Farmers' Institute Mr. Scott Roraback delivered an address on "Stacking," a subject very vital to a majority of farmers who have not barn room to stack their crops. As Mr. Roraback enjoys the reputation among his brother farmers of being a practical and successful stacker, we give a brief resume of the address, taken from the Eaton Rapids Journal.

Mr. Roraback had noticed during the past season that many stacks built by professional stackers, had failed to stand the test of long continued wet weather, and in some cases the failure had been laid to machine binding. This the speaker said was not the cause, and that machine bound wheat was better to stack than hand bound, because firmer. The great trouble is that men do not understand the principles of stack settling. Beginners spoil a stack on the very start. For the first three or four feet they keep the middle altogether too full. This causes the bundles to slip out, a trouble which they do not know how to remedy. Then when the bulge of the stack is reached and passed, the middle is not kept full enough. After the bulge of a stack is once reached the greatest pains should be taken to keep the middle full, packing bundles tight and close. The least amount of settling is at the bottom, the greatest at the top. If a stack settles three inches at the bottom it will settle about twelve at the top. At the bulge a stack should be twice as wide as at the bottom. It is much better to keep the middle of a stack even with the sides until the bulge is reached, than to keep the middle too rounding. A stack is not necessarily ruined when bundles begin to slip out. In such an emergency, build out on the side opposite the point where the slipping begins, and thus overcome the difficulty by balancing up. Here three different diagrams were displayed, showing different forms for stacks. A fourth drawing was also exhibited, showing the ordinary lopsided stack, with a number of props under it. Mr. Roraback was very emphatic in his advice, never to put props under a stack. He cuts when three or four feet high, and beginning to show here and there a head, with a mowing machine; cuts thoroughly. When cut thus early a second crop nearly or quite as good as the first can be harvested, or if preferred, the field affords abundant pasture at a time when pastures are generally dried up. The same care must be exercised in turning cattle into a sough pasture as into fresh clover, turning them in for a short time only till they become accustomed to it. The feed, whether green or cured, is excellent to stimilate milk production. It yields from five to six tons per acre.

In answer to a question, Mr. Roraback thought it best, perhaps, to keep a stack perfectly level until it had been built two-thirds of the distance to the bulge. He thought a round stack far better than a long one. In fact he never built any thing but round ones.

How I Raise My Sheep.

This was the topic of a successful wool-grower, at the late meeting of the Iowa live-stock men. He said: I would prefer pure-bred stock; but that is expensive. I usually get grades and breed up, for it takes a short time to breed up a good flock. I have always used pure-bred Merino rams, being convinced that for profit, where sheep are kept in flocks of 100 or more, there is no equal to the Merino and its crosses. I aim to couple so as to have lambs dropped as soon as grass comes in spring. I want lambs to come early, yet not before there is pasture enough so that the ewes will have plenty of milk. During lambing time I keep a close watch, and if a lamb is dropped—unless it is warm weather—I see that it goes to the stable at once and as soon as possible see that it sucks—after which no further care is needed, except in storms. I aim to estate all lambs before three weeks old, and wean them by Sept. 1. During summer I know nothing better than good bluegrass and that kept pretty short, a sheep does not like long grass. I never feed grain in summer; yet when pasture is short, I take a little grain while it is available.

The Maryland Farmer takes strong ground in favor of feeding cattle in yards and sheds instead of letting them roam over large pastures, which must be fenced at great expense. It is so much cheaper for a farmer to fence in his stock than to fence out all the stock of his neighbors; and then an acre will yield three or four times as much cattle food if it is cultivated and the crops cut instead of being grazed off by trampling animals. The cost of fence is usually more than the value of the animals pastured, and sometimes more than the land enclosed. Cattle that are kept rather close, and are handled often, are also tamer, and less treacherous than those which run at large, and are often compelled to shirk for their supply of food.

The Poultry Yard.

How Our Fowls are Fed.

S. E. Todd writes in the *Christian at Work*: The first thing I do, after daylight, every cold morning, is to carry a pailful of clean water to the henry, for the hens to drink. If the weather is freezing cold, the water is warmed, so that it will not freeze up before every hen has taken a good drink. It is really surprising, in many times, to see how much a laying hen will drink. If they drink so much on a cold and freezing day? I know not. Then I put a few small potatoes, apple peelings, or pieces of Hubbard squash or slices of pumpkin in a kettle and boil them. As soon as these are all soft, they are mashed up with meal and rye flour and fed while warm.

I fancy that it will be an item of no little interest to rural readers, to read a description of our feeding tub. It is not patented; nor do I purpose to apply for "letters patent" on the device, although there is a patentable feature about it. I took an ordinary nail keg, that will hold one hundred pounds of nails, knocked out one head, and drove the hoops down tight, leaving in a good bottom. About six inches from the bottom I bored a two inch hole, with an extension bit, through a stove; then bored another hole just above the first, after which the sides were shaved out with my pocket-knife, so as to leave a nice smooth hole of oval form, two inches wide and four long. I made nine such holes in the keg, so that nine hens can all thrust their heads through these orifices and eat the food that is put in the keg. This "holey" keg is taken into the kitchen, when the hot potatoes are turned into it, after which a quart or two of good corn meal and about a quart of rye meal are poured on the hot potatoes, and then jammed and cru-hed, and worked over and over, with a kind of rammer having a square end. Water boiling hot is turned on the mass, suffi-

cient to scald all the meal. This feed is given warm to the fowls. A board and heavy stone is placed on the top of the keg to keep fowls out of the feed with their feet. At noon, should the feed be frozen boiling hot water is employed to thaw it.

Every morning, about two or three quarts of good wheat are put in a tin pail, that is kept for no other purpose, and the wheat is covered with hot water, and kept in the kitchen, where it will be warm all day. At 4 o'clock m. that wheat will be quite soft. The contents of the pail is then poured in the "holey" keg, so that every fowl can fill its crop with good digestible grain before going to roost. Our hens are fed, every day, with more regularity than I get my own meals. Occasionally, the hens receive some bits of meat, and crushed bones. They are never allowed to go hungry nor thirsty. During the coldest weather they roll out beautiful eggs which we can always sell for forty to fifty cents, cash, per dozen. But we do not sell many, as they are such luxuries. Wheat and rye, if not soaked in warm water, will pass fowls not digested. If soaked in cold water, two or three days will be required to soften the kernels. One of my neighbors, whose hens lay no eggs in cold weather, feeds whole rye, and his hens pass large quantities of undigested grain.

Remedy for Rou.

The *Poultry Keeper* recommends the following treatment for this disease, especially excellent for diphtheritic roup: Use the fumes of liquid tar and turpentine as mentioned, and twice a day give the following: Hyposulphite of soda, two tablespoonsfuls; tincture aconite, 10 drops; tincture belladonna, 10 drops; quinine, 10 grains; water, a teaspoonful. A teaspoonful of linseed oil.

Roup is a disease that yields very stubbornly. We would like here to suggest one of the simplest, most harmless and best remedies known, as we believe it will effect a cure when everything else may fail. It is the sulphurous acid solution, which may be easily made as follows:

Into a box with a close lid place a pan holding one pint of water. Earthware should be used in preference to tin. Place the pan of water in one end of the box and burn sulphur at the other end. A few drops of alcohol will hasten the ignition of the sulphur. As soon as the fumes of the sulphur begin to rise briskly, close the lid of the box, and allow it to remain closed for half an hour. During the time it is closed the water will absorb the fumes and form a solution of sulphurous acid (not sulphuric). Repeat the burning of the sulphur until the water has a slight acid taste when touched on the tongue with the fingers.

This acid may be used freely without harm. Inject it into the nostrils, and give a teaspoonful two or three times daily to each fowl until cured. Given in doses of a tablespoonful three times a day, it is one of the best cholera specifics that can be used. It is excellent for indigestion, and as a wash or gargle for sore throat in human individuals it is unsurpassed. As a test of its merits it may be stated that the germs of all diseases are instantly destroyed by it, as the clothing of a patient with small pox dipped into it is at once purified.

**Gale's Honey the great Cough cure, \$25.00
Elm's Sulphur Soap heals & beautifies, \$25.
German Corn Remover kills Corn & Bunnies,
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black and Brown, \$6.
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c
Dean's Rheumatic Pills are a sure cure, 50c**

The Western Rural very truly says: "The agents of the Bohemian oats business claim that the State of Michigan has invested the company with authority to do business within its limits. Whenever a statement of that kind is made look out for the man who makes it. It is an expression that is the grand hold of reputed incorporated quack medical establishments. All the State of Michigan has to do with this company, if it has any right to do with it, is to furnish it a place under which it can organize. It has no more authority than company to do business within it than it has to authorize a laborer within its boundaries to dig up stumps, if he can find stumps to dig up. The object of such laws as those under which corporations are authorized is not to give them the patronage of the State, but to personify them so that several men may do business as one man does."

The Maryland Farmer takes strong ground in favor of feeding cattle in yards and sheds instead of letting them roam over large pastures, which must be fenced at great expense. It is so much cheaper for a farmer to fence in his stock than to fence out all the stock of his neighbors; and then an acre will yield three or four times as much cattle food if it is cultivated and the crops cut instead of being grazed off by trampling animals. The cost of fence is usually more than the value of the animals pastured, and sometimes more than the land enclosed.

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Brick & Tile Machines
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HIGHEST AWARDS
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MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.

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The Michigan Farmer

—AND—
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1886

This Paper is entered at the Detroit Post office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 98,320 bu., against 122,300 bu., the previous week and 56,976 bu. for corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 80,939 bu., against 79,906 the previous week, and 23,060 the corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 2,214,538 bu., against 2,203,201 last week and 938,036 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on February 6 was 54,197,045 bu., against 54,988,705 the previous week, and 43,535,606 bu. at corresponding date in 1885. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 791,750 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending February 6 were 322,961 bu., against 561,669 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 2,532,745 bu. against 3,706,093 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884-5.

The fluctuations in values the past week were within very narrow limits, and the market finally settled to about the same figures as reported at the close of the previous week. Speculative dealing has declined to very small proportions, spot and May deliveries covering the bulk of the transactions. Yesterday this market was firm at the opening, but later a weak feeling set in and No. 2 red, both spot and futures, declined considerably. No. 1 white closed steady at a shade higher than on Saturday, but red grades were lower. Chicago was slightly lower; New York was dull and lower; Liverpool steady but quiet; London steady. The decline was said to be caused by the report of a snowstorm that had covered the barb fields. There will probably be a farmer feeling in a day or two.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from Feb. 1 to Feb. 15:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	No. 8	No. 9	No. 10	No. 11	No. 12	No. 13	No. 14	No. 15
Feb. 1	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 2	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 3	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 4	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 5	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 6	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 7	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 8	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 9	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 10	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 11	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 12	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 13	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 14	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Feb. 15	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2

The following statement gives the closing fixtures on No. 1 white futures each day of the past week for the various dates:

Feb. 1	March	April	May
Tuesday.....	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
Wednesday.....	91	91	91
Thursday.....	91	91	91
Friday.....	91	91	91
Saturday.....	91	91	91
Sunday.....	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various dates each day of the past week were as follows:

Feb. 1	March	April	May
Tuesday.....	88 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2
Wednesday.....	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Thursday.....	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Friday.....	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Saturday.....	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Sunday.....	90	90	90

According to the report of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, the total value of the exports of domestic merchandise for the year 1885, according to the Government report, was \$673,593,120, of which breadstuffs constituted nearly 20 per cent and provisions nearly 15 per cent. The aggregate value of the domestic exports for 1884, upon the same authority, was \$738,768,764, of which breadstuffs constituted nearly 21 per cent and provisions more than 18 per cent.

Reports from Russia say that continued storms and flooding rains throughout Southern Russia, instead of the normal snow fall, are causing the gravest apprehensions of the germinating of the early crops. Odessa is reported to be still shipping grain very sparingly, while the other Southern ports of Russia are closed.

Late reports from Australia state that the yield there is larger than anticipated, owing to the variable character of the crop. In some districts it is quite large, and in others very light. The quality of the grain is so poor that it is believed the surplus will not be worth exporting—it is shrivelled and undeveloped.

The duty upon grain in Germany is said to be breaking down the milling interest there, foreign grain being dearer, while home grown is of such poor quality that the flour made from it is unsalable in competition with foreign brands.

The Michigan crop report issued February 1st says:

"For this report returns have been received from 69 counties. Six hundred and twenty-three of these returns are from 412 townships in the southern four tiers of counties. In reply to the question, 'Has wheat during January suffered injury from any cause?' One hundred and twenty correspondents in the southern counties and 32 in the northern answer 'yes,' and 453 in the southern counties and 266 in the northern answer 'no.' In the early part of January the ground was bare, or near-

ly so, in the southern part of the State, and also free of frost, but from the 17th to the 9th of February it was well covered with snow. But it has been thawing for the past three days, and this morning, (February 12), here at Lansing, it is raining and the snow is nearly all gone."

The most critical part of the season has yet to be passed through. The snow has entirely disappeared, and the fields are bare at this writing. Under the influence of a warm rain the ground has been thawed to a considerable extent, and a severe frost in its present condition would affect the crop on some soils very materially.

The English markets are dull with a very light demand. At Liverpool yesterday the market was dull, with California club at 6s. 9d./6s. 1d., white Michigan at 7s. 1d., red winter at 7s. 1d., and spring at 7s. 1d.

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16. 1886.

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MONROE NURSERY, MONROE, MICH.

FOR SALE.

ONE HUNDRED HEAD

— OF THOROUGHBRED —

HEREFORD CATTLE,

from the herds of Hon. W. W. Crapo, Wm. Hamilton, The Farmer and Son, P. C. Bates, all of whom breed for service; 50 bulls; 30 of which are in calf; all the best strains of blood; prices low to parties wanting to buy; we are bound to sell; also high grade cattle.

John W. FOSTER, Manager.

Flint, Michigan.

2:41

The Georgia state university, on the university farm, has conclusion that negroes can intelligent enough to be

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Brigham Young

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Brigham Young. The

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Poetry.

THE HOMESTEAD.

Against the wooded hill it stands,
Ghosts of a dead home, staring through
Its broken lights on wasted lands
Where old time harvests grew.
Unplowed, unknown, by scythe unshorn,
The poor forsaken farm-fields lie,
Once rich and ripe with golden corn
And pale green breadths of rye.
Of healthful herbs and flower-beds,
The garden plot no housewife keeps;
Through weeds and tame only left,
The snake, its tenant, creeps.
A blue spray, once blossom-clad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms;
Besides the roofless porch a sad,
Pathetic red rose blooms.
His track, in mould and dust of drouth,
On floor and hearth, the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn, about to fall,
Resounds no more on husking eves,
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thrasher beats his sheaves.

Seas, so dear! It seems almost
Some haunting presence makes its sign;
That down some shadowy lane some ghost
Might drive its spectral kin!

Home so desolate and lone!
Did all thy memories die with thee?
Were any wed, were any born,
Beneath the low-roof tree?

Whose axe the will of forest broke
And let the wailing sunshine through?
What good wife sent the earliest smoke
Up the great chimney due?

Did rustic lovers hither come?
Did maidens, swaying back and forth
With rhythmic grace, at wheel and loom,
Make light their toil with mirth?

Did child feet patter on the stair?
Did boyhood frolic in the snow?

Did gray age, in her elbow chair,
Knot, rocking to and fro?

The murmuring brook, the sighing breeze,
The pine's slow whisper, can not tell;

Low mounds beneath the hemlock trees
Keep the home secrets well.

O' wanders from ancestral soil,
Leave noiseless mill and chattering store
Gird up your loins for sturdy toil,
And build the home once more!

Come back to bayberry-scented slopes,
And fragrant fern, and ground mat 'ne;

Breathes air blown over holt and cope,
Sweet with black birch and pine.

What matter if the gains are small
That life's essential wants supply?

Your homestead's title gives you all
That idle wealth can buy.

Your own sole masters, freedom willed,
With none to bid you go or stay,

Till the old fields your fathers tilled,
As many men as they.

With skill that spares your toiling hands,
And chemic aid that science brings,

Reclaim the waste and outgrown lands,
And reign throned as kings!

—John G. Whittier, in Atlantic.

A SONNET.

As when some workers, toiling at a loom,
Having but little portions of the roll,
Of some huge fabric, cannot see the whole,
And note but atoms, wherein they entomb—
As objects fade in evening's first gray gloom—
The large design, from which each trifling dole
But goes to make the log much wished for goal;
So do we seek to penetrate the doom;
That lies so heavily upon our life,
And strive to learn the whole that there must be;
For each day has its own completed piece.
The whole awaits us, where no anxious strife
Can mar completeness; here but God's eyes see
What death shall show us when our life shall cease
—Chambers' Journal.

Miscellaneous.

UNCLE SIMON'S ADVICE.

OLD FARM, October 30th, 18—.

George Maxwell was sitting with me when the mail brought me a letter from Uncle Simon Jones. To my surprise, the letter contained a request that I should come up and make him a visit.

Uncle Simon is George's great-uncle as well as mine, and for the past two years George's home had been at Old Farm. Nobody knows why the arrangement was broken up, but it was, and George is now earning his living as a clerk in the bank at X—

"Shall go, George?" I asked. •

"Please yourself," said George, laughing. "Don't make a permanent engagement, though, for I don't believe you can stand it long."

I reflected. The school in which I am a teacher has been broken up by scarlet fever. I have been unable to obtain another engagement, and my money is fast melting away. Under the circumstances, I do nothing better than accept, especially as George assured me that he should not feel at all aggrieved by my decision. So I wrote to Uncle Simon that I would come for a visit, and here I am.

Uncle Simon is rather a fine-looking man, tall, broad-shouldered and ruddy, with a fine, full beard of silvery white. On the way home from the station, he started me once by asking, abruptly:

"I forgot whether you know my nephew, George Maxwell?"

My heart gave a thump. Know George? Well! But I only said:

"Oh, yes; I have known him all my life."

"I was disappointed in George—much disappointed," Uncle Simon went on. "He promised well at first, but he had one great fault. I hope you are not above taking advice from your elders and betters, young lady?"

I was a little startled at the sharpness of his manner, but assured him that I am always grateful for good advice, not thinking it necessary to add that I use my own discretion in regard to following it.

Old Farm is not much of a farm after all. Since George left, Uncle Simon has let most of the land. The house is large, low, and rambling, by no means imposing, but very quaint and comfortable, crowning the topmost swell of the lawns with its creamy, rough cast walls. There is but one servant in the kitchen, a middle-aged woman, whose face wears an expression of constant irritation and vexation. It cleared a little when she saw me, but clouded again, as she shook her head slowly, saying:

"Ah, you won't stand it long; not long, you won't—worse luck!"

"Why not, Amanda?" I asked.
But she only shook her head and groaned in reply.

I don't see why one should not be happy here, unless, indeed, Uncle Simon is a confirmed lunatic, as they half lead me to believe. However, I will wait until I see some definite sign of lunacy before I take flight.

November 5.

I had a visitor yesterday. Such a pretty girl! A plump, brown-eyed, dimpled little girl! A wonderful peachy-peach complexion and masses of golden brown hair. I had begun to wonder whether Uncle Simon had any neighbors, for not a creature had as yet crossed the threshold.

Miss Lulu Belden seems inclined to be sociable, however.

"I'm so glad you have come!" she began, before she was well seated. "I know Mr. Jones has been dreadfully lonely since Geo—Mr. Maxwell left, though wild horses would not draw the admission from him."

They are—they are, indeed!"

Uncle Simon admires Miss Lulu very much. He is fifty at least, but I can not mistake his frequent hints that sometime this home, he hopes, will be her home.

From the manner in which his brown clouds over whenever Geo—Mr. Maxwell's and her name happen to occur in the same sentence, I have begun to form a shrewd idea of the rupture. It is impossible that Lulu can return Uncle Simon's admiration; it is quite possible that she should return that of—some one else. Hence jealous complications, resulting in a final rupture.

"He who runs may read."

I wonder whether she ever hears from Mr. Maxwell? I thought he would have answered my note before this, especially after begging me so to write.

November 10.

I have begun upon a new plan. Things are becoming monotonous, and it is time to turn the tables. Uncle Simon, having criticised nearly everything else about me, began this morning upon my hair.

"Niece, you don't wear your hair properly. There is but one way for a woman to wear it; that is, plainly parted and coiled low down behind. That way of piling it all up on the top of your head is quite out of character."

"Uncle, I am glad you mentioned it, for it gives me courage. I have often wanted to tell you that you don't wear your hair properly. There is but one way for a man to wear it; that is, with a neatly-shaved chin, and only a mustache and long whiskers left."

Uncle Simon stared at me.

"Are you crazy?" he said. "Nice I should look; at my time of life! But about your hair; I'll show you how it would improve your appearance."

"Indeed, uncle, I am in earnest," I said. "You don't know how much better you would look. I'll show you how to shave if you like."

Uncle Simon began to see. He stared at me for a moment; then with a sort of snort, half amusement, half disgust, he got up from the table and began to fill and light his pipe. As for me I took up my knitting and went on with it calmly. He contemplated me for a while through the smoke of clouds. Then he said:

"Niece, you don't hold your needles right."

"Do you know how to knit, uncle?" I asked.

"I? Why, certainly not; but that does not hinder my knowing how it should be done."

"No," I said. "But, uncle—pray forgive me; but the way you smoke really distresses me. You don't fill nor hold your pipe right and—"

"And pray, miss," he said, "do you know how to smoke?"

"Certainly not," I said; "but that does not hinder my knowing how it should be done, it's true."

"Well, it is just," said Uncle Simon. But I remonstrated:

"Not at all, uncle. I've seen lots of men smoke and I know just how it should be done. You see—"

"Will you let me and my pipe alone?" said Uncle Simon.

"Yes," I said. "If you'll leave me and my knitting alone."

Uncle Simon's eyes twinkled a little, but he said nothing, only walked into the kitchen—to take it out of Amanda, I suppose. If she were not the best creature in the world, she never would stand his constant "advice."

November 21.

I think I am beginning to understand why people consider Uncle Simon difficult to live with. It began the day after I came, but it began temperately, out of deference to my rank as a stranger. It was bad, too, with compliments.

"Niece, you walk well—very well; but you would put down your feet a little more firmly, the effect would be better."

"Niece, you have a very smooth, pretty complexion, but it is a trifle dark for blue. Red, now, would be much more becoming. Take my advice, and always wear red."

Uncle Simon had placed a horse at my disposal. I always supposed that I rode tolerably well, but after my first ride with him, I was quite brightening up under Lulu's chatter. I am beginning to suspect him of an inclination in that quarter, the more so as Uncle Simon watched them jealousy, "cutting in" at every opportunity. His face quite beam'd when I took pity upon him, and invited Mr. Parker into a corner, leaving the field free for him. Talking to Mr. Parker was more up-hill work than ever, with his glances straying away every moment to Lulu's corner. So it was a relief when Uncle Simon went into the dining room to attend to the fire. One of the many ways in which Uncle Simon maddens Amanda, is by poking and prying continually into every stove and fire place in the house, under the firm conviction that no one can attend properly to fires but himself. After he had left the room, Lulu and Mr. Parker drifted together, while I kept my seat, which commanded the door of the dining room across the hall.

Suddenly, through a crack in the dining-room door, I saw a flash of brilliant light; then came an insane scuffling and scurrying, and muffled shouts and ejaculations in Uncle Simon's voice. Of course we all rushed into the dining room, to find Uncle Simon incapable, for once, of giving advice, as he capered wildly about the room, quite uncertain what to do. In the course of his explorations he had taken out the ash pan and set it upon a newspaper, to preserve the carpet from injury. Being hot, as ash pans are apt to be, it had

smouldered for a moment, and then flashed suddenly into a blaze.

Mr. Parker was the only one of us who had any sense. He took in the situation at once, and rushing from the room, returned with some dark object, which he threw over the burning paper, pressing and trampling it down until the flames were completely smothered. Uncle Simon looked at the ruins for a moment, as Mr. Parker removed the charred remains of his new overcoat.

"For once," I thought, "Uncle Simon will find it impossible to give advice." But I was mistaken.

"It is all Amanda's fault," said Uncle Simon. "What does she mean by keeping her ash pans so hot? I must go and speak to her about it."

Even Amanda, the long-suffering, blushed at this time as fiercely as the paper had done. I heard her voice, choked with angry tears; but any idea of the mischief Uncle Simon was doing, I had not, for Lulu was whispering in my ear:

"I had a letter from George Maxwell, to-day. He wants to know how you don't write to him. What shall I say?"

Say? Let her say what she pleases. If he wants to know about me, let him ask me himself. It is an impertinence to send messages in this roundabout way. What is it to me?

11 P.M. Just as I wrote the last word, Amanda came to my door.

"I can't stand it longer, Miss," she said. "It ain't the work I mind—no, Uncle, it ain't the work—but this beastly nag, nag, nagging, that an angel of light couldn't stand, let alone the old fellow himself, saving his presence! He must teach me to boil, and bake, and roast, and fry, to knead bread, and scrub floors, and make beds, and the dear knows what all! I've got a sick sister and a lame brother, and he gives good wages, I couldn't stand it as long as I have. I'm at the end of my patience now, though, and good luck to him with the next one! I pinned a dish-cloth to his coat-tail, once," said Amanda, with a hysterical giggle, "and he wore it all night. I took off at night, unbeknownst to him, and he's been wondering ever since what made folks laugh so that day. I'm sorry to leave you, Miss, but him I can't stand, nor won't. Only one thing, Miss, don't you go to cooking for him; if he goes down on his bended knees. A saint's own temper couldn't stand it, and you'd find wrinkles coming round your pretty eyes before you knew it."

No, Amanda, I shall not cook for him—I'll starve, first. I wonder whether the day will come, and we shall be wiser," as Gregory Lopez was fond of saying.

November 22.

It wasn't early, and it wasn't good. I was awakened about eight o'clock by a modest knock at my door. I answered through the key-hole.

"Amanda has gone," said Uncle Simon. Then I expressed all due surprise.

"Can you cook?" was the next inquiry, to which I returned a prompt and decided negative.

Having by this time struggled into a wrapper, I opened my door to find Uncle Simon looking uncommonly thoughtful.

"You are sure you cannot cook, Madame?" he asked again.

"Dear, Uncle, what chance have I ever had to learn? But that does not matter, for you excel in it, you know."

"Do I?" said Uncle Simon, rather dubiously.

But I replied briskly:

"Why, certainly not; but that does not hinder my knowing how it should be done."

"No," I said. "But, uncle—pray forgive me; but the way you smoke really distresses me. You don't fill nor hold your pipe right and—"

"And pray, miss," he said, "do you know how to smoke?"

"Certainly not," I said; "but that does not hinder my knowing how it should be done, it's true."

Uncle Simon went down stairs slowly, very slowly, and I am afraid that I laughed at myself while completing my toilet.

The cloth was crooked, when I went down at last; the plates didn't match; there was not a spoon upon the table; but all that was nothing. Such coffee! such eggs! and such a woful Uncle Simon! It was wicked, but I laughed until I cried, as I surveyed the whole scene.

"I have always heard, said Uncle Simon, "that it is much easier to do things yourself, than to tell others how, but I begin to doubt it."

November 23.

Yesterday George ate his Thanksgiving dinner with me. Uncle Simon was dazed at first by the news which we had to tell him, but after some cogitation, was moved to look upon it favorably. More than that, it seems that I am something of a favorite with him, in view of which fact George is to be taken back into favor.

Next week I go back to my school, the school fever having disappeared, and George will take my place here until next spring, and then something may happen which will bring me back to reign over the old place as its mistress.

"It isn't what I meant for either of you," said Uncle Simon, ruefully. "You know what my plans were for you, George, and Madeline I had intended for young Parker. I promised him the first chance."

I fairly jumped as Uncle Simon revealed the plot, which I had never suspected. No wonder Mr. Parker always looked like a fish out of water in my presence.

"The only thing I can see now," continued Uncle Simon, thoughtfully, "is for Lulu and Parker to put up with your leaveings. I shall advise them—"

"No, dear Uncle Simon, for Heaven's sake, no more advice!" I cried. "Just see the havoc it has wrought in your own household, and would you go on scattering it recklessly about the world? You will have the universe in a blaze!"

